

gloriously aided in establishing. A fresh illustration will be seen of what those institutions can produce.

The indignation of the people will not exhaust itself in a momentary outburst; it will concentrate and embody itself in the unanimous, persevering, invincible action of the universal will. Whoever may be the agents, the instruments of the work that we, we may rest assured, will be finished. The event will show that it did not depend upon the life of one man, or of several men.

The work will be completed after Lincoln, as it is finished by him; but Lincoln will remain the austere and sacred personification of a great epoch, the most faithful expression of democracy.

This simple and upright man, prudent and strong, elevated step by step from the artisan's bench to the command of a great nation, and always without parade and without effort at the height of his position, executing without precipitation, without flourish and with invincible good sense the most colossal task, giving to the world the decisive example of the will power in a republic, directing a gigantic war without free institutions being for an instant compromised or threatened by military usurpation, dying finally at the moment in which, after conquering, he was intent on pacification—and may God grant that the withering legions of the future, instead of the peace he wished, pacification by force—this man will stand out in the traditions of his country and the world as an incarnation of the people and of modern democracy itself.

The great work of emancipation had to be sealed, therefore, with the blood of the just, even as it was inaugurated with the blood of the just. The tragic history of the abolition of slavery which opened with the gibbet of John Brown, will close with the assassination of Lincoln.

And now let him rest by the side of Washington, as the second founder of the great Republic. European democracy is present in spirit at his funeral, as it voted in its heart for his reelection, and applauded the victory in the midst of which he passed away. It will wish with one accord to associate itself with the monument that America will raise to him upon the capital of prostrate slavery.

HENRI MARTIN.

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR JOHNSON.

Gov. Johnson, of Georgia, has issued a proclamation, calling upon the people of that State to elect delegates to a convention to be held on the fourth Wednesday of October next. The election is to be held on the first Wednesday of the same month. The Governor also delivered an address in the City Hall, Macon, on Saturday evening, July 15, in which he had been appointed for the purpose of enabling the people of the State to form a government. He had not been authorized to appoint civil magistrates, and would not do it. He advised the people to receive the amnesty oath, and thus prepare themselves to become citizens. On the slavery question he was thus explicit:

"I now feel bound to declare to you one thing which you must recognize as accomplished, and the sooner you know it and conform to it, the sooner you will be relieved from military rule. Slavery exists no more. This is decreed. Its restoration under any form is utterly out of the question. Slavery has been extinguished by the operations of the late war. I do not propose, in this connection, to enter upon a lengthy argument to prove it. I simply state what is acknowledged by all writers on national law, that belligerents have the right to make captures of persons and property, and that they may make what disposition they please of the property captured. The vanquished are at the disposition of the conquerors, and may be disposed of as they think proper. Slavery, it is true, is a great sin against God and humanity that it should be waged. We must submit to the result of the war. Congress, by the Constitution of the United States, has the power to give the President the regulation of captures, by sea and land; and the President, in the exercise of this power given him by the Constitution and by Congress, issued his proclamation disposing of these captures, declaring that all negroes who were slaves in the rebel States should, by virtue of that proclamation, be emancipated. Such is my judgment of the law, and I believe the Supreme Court will so decide.

"I come to another point. The Constitution which the people of Georgia shall adopt in convention will be required to recognize this fact. The convention will be called upon to agree to this amendment to the Constitution, that slavery shall no longer exist in these States. They will be called upon to decide this before their restoration to the Union, in order that this people about slavery, which has existed since the beginning of the government to the present time, shall never be revived, and in order that there may be no dispute among the people of this State on the subject. They must provide for its extinction now; and so I tell you to-day, if you wish to be admitted into the Union, this convention of the people of Georgia must be composed of such material as will recognize the fact of the extinction of slavery in Georgia, and agree to the amendment of the Constitution of the United States, which will extinguish slavery throughout the country.

"It is claimed by some that the negroes will not work. I know that those who have been driven off the farms will not work, because they have no opportunity of working, and some of them will not work where they have not been driven off. For this latter class the legislature must make laws, declaring them vagrants, and punishing them as such. The negroes will not work! How do you know they will not? I saw them working very well in New York and other places where I have been. It is true they sometimes commit crimes in those places, and they are punished for it. They must work—they can work—they must either work or perish. What is the difficulty? Do not the people have to work in Germany, in France, in New York, in Ohio? What is the reason that they will not work? I tell you they will work; and I must say, that under the peculiar circumstances by which they were surrounded, no people have ever behaved better than they have done. Those who tell you they will not work have hopes of continuing their control and domination over them. They will work under contracts of hire, and if they fail, they become vagrants, and may be punished or exiled as the laws of the State may direct.

"While we have been hot and chafed for the present, yet let us remember that we may accumulate property in the future; and all our surplus capital, instead of being laid out in negroes, will be expended in permanent improvements, in increasing the comforts of our homes, manuring our lands, planting orchards, building permanent fences, and in manufactures of all kinds. Attracted to this land, immigrants from other parts of the world, and from the North, will come to settle among us, because we have a good climate as any under the sun. Our towns and villages, instead of going to decay, will improve, and art and sciences will flourish among us. Such, I believe, will be one of the results of this war.

"And not only that, there is another advantage. We have been very impatient as a people. We allowed no man to think that slavery was a moral, social, or political evil, and if any one thought thus he was deemed unsound, and arraigned before vigilance committees. Even when Lord John Russell, in England, took occasion to say that he hoped slavery would be abolished by this revolution, our people commenced abusing him as if he had trespassed upon our rights. We abused mankind when they differed with us, and we carried our opposition to men's thinking as they pleased to such an extent that men among us who dared to differ with us on this subject were arraigned, not by law, or before a legal tribunal, but before vigilance societies, and personally abused. Civilization is almost driven from the land—law and order are suppressed by these lawless men. But now we can look over this land, and pray as Solomon did, that all of Adam's race may be elevated to dignity and happiness. Now every one may, in the exercise of his constitutional rights, advocate slavery or denounce it, surrounded as he is by the power of the Government of the United States, which protects us fully in the enjoyment of these rights.

"It seems to be the order of Providence in dealing with nations, as he deals with individuals, that they shall be perfected by sufferings. We shall come out of this controversy a more glorious and happy people. The present slavery will be well guarded among us. We shall remain a free and united people. In looking down the vista of time, I see Georgia ten-fold more prosperous; and when all our sectional prejudices shall have died away, we shall meet together, North and South, as brethren, rejoicing under one government, and

marking on to the glorious destiny which is before us. Not only will Georgia increase in wealth and population, but the whole Southern country will be more prosperous in arts, manufactures, wealth, and civilization. I see them marching in this new order of things. The whole country, united in the bonds of charity and love, and prospering upon this great nation shall be unequalled by any power on earth. This is our country; these are her prospects. To this standard I invite you to rally.

"Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

EQUAL POLITICAL RIGHTS.

We make the following extract from the able and well-reasoned Address of the Republican State Committee to the People of Massachusetts:

The people of the free States do not intend to enter upon a crusade against the ancient right of the States to fix the qualifications of voters. Whether such qualifications be of property or of education, or of age and sex alone, is a matter of State concern, with which no one desires to interfere. But when the late rebel communities, deputed by their own act of rebellion, and the atrocious madmen who killed him who killed the peace he wished, pacification by force—this man will stand out in the traditions of his country and the world as an incarnation of the people and of modern democracy itself.

The great work of emancipation had to be sealed, therefore, with the blood of the just, even as it was inaugurated with the blood of the just. The tragic history of the abolition of slavery which opened with the gibbet of John Brown, will close with the assassination of Lincoln. And now let him rest by the side of Washington, as the second founder of the great Republic. European democracy is present in spirit at his funeral, as it voted in its heart for his reelection, and applauded the victory in the midst of which he passed away. It will wish with one accord to associate itself with the monument that America will raise to him upon the capital of prostrate slavery.

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KINDNESS CONCENTRATED.

We have already given the preamble and resolutions of a political meeting in Dooly County, Georgia, at which it was "whereas" that "we have for four years most bravely and gallantly contended for our rights with the United States," and "been overpowered by numbers," and resolved that we will for the present submit to the Constitution of the United States, and all laws in accordance with the same. Upon this "for the present" the N. Y. Tribune comes down in this style, suggesting that "thereby hangs a tale":

"Thank you, gallant gentlemen! What will you tell us? We do not refer to simple drinks; but is there anything substantial which we can do to show our gratitude? That awful condition, 'for the present,' may well appal us. Believe us from our consternation by stating your terms! Take away the Dances word suspended over our festive board! Leave us not a prey to bewildering uncertainty! In short, state plainly what you will charge for a solemn promise never to take your country out of the Union! Do not tantalize us with your 'for the present'—for which should we do without you? We know that you are 'brave and gallant.' We have it upon the best of authority—your own! What could this lovely Republic do against you and your desperation? What would happen to us if you should take it into your heads to be 'brave' and 'gallant' again? Name your terms! 'Niggers'—take 'em! work 'em! dig 'em! pile 'em! sell 'em! swindle 'em! starve 'em!—only do not again turn upon us, dear country! Do you want money? Send down to McCulloch, and he will give you cords of greenbacks! Whisky? Hogsheads of it, warranted to eat holes in your stomachs in five minutes after its reception, shall be drawn to your very doors by government mules; and, if government does not know what real whisky is, it is no fault of the contractors. So, name your terms, brave and gallant cavaliers! Fish-pots, porter-pots, money-pots—land, 'niggers,' cash, boots, coats, anything—only take that painful 'for the present.'"

The same Dooly county meeting further resolved, "that we will put down all vagrancy and crime, especially among the black population;" upon which the Tribune continues:

"This reminds us of the colored person who said he 'loved both his children alike—especially Pomp.' It seems the white vagrants and criminals are to have a long day—to be punished as leisure. The first fresh efforts of these friends of morality and industry are to be bestowed upon the blacks."

EUROPEAN TOLERANCE OF COLOR. At one of Mrs. Louise de Mortie's musical soirees in New Orleans, in favor of the Orphan's Home, Mr. Edmond Dede took part. Mr. Dede is a black man, as black as any one can be. Dragged from his country by the abuses of prejudice, he went to France, and is now leader of an orchestra in one of the Bordeaux Theatres. His name is as well known as that of the Mayor of that Imperial city, with a young lady of accomplishment, belonging to one of the best families, and, of course, of Caucasian blood.

The Liberator.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1865.

A CONGRATULATORY WORD.

Our readers will pleasantly remember the visit of that devoted and accomplished English missionary from Barbadoes, Rev. Henry Bley, to this country, a few years since, and the excellent service he rendered to our then struggling anti-slavery cause by his valuable testimony to the beneficial workings of West India emancipation. He has been, for some time past, a resident of George-Town, Demerara. In a letter written by him in April last, he says:

"What stupendous changes have been wrought in connection with the great and good cause to which your life has been so largely devoted, within the last four years! You have lived to see your labors crowned with success beyond your most sanguine expectations. I trust you will be spared to see liberty and peace overspreading the whole land."

He had not then heard of the assassination of President Lincoln, nor of the surrender of General Lee and the utter collapse of the rebellion. While the former event will fill his breast with the deepest sorrow, the latter will cause him to leap for joy. It will be remembered that Mr. Bley perilled his life and suffered various outrages in behalf of the down-trodden colored people of the British West Indies, before the abolition of slavery in those colonies; that he was a witness to the disastrous and oppressive results of the apprenticeship system; and that it was his privilege to see unconditional emancipation proclaimed at last, and from that hour to the present nothing but good attending the experiment—if an act of simple justice can be properly styled an experiment. What an experience has been his, and what wonders he has lived to see wrought in the isles of the sea, and in the United States, with reference to the freedom and elevation of that race in whose service almost two score years of his missionary life have been devoted! We beg him to accept our warmest congratulations in return for his own. Hereafter, the first of January will be our great American festival to commemorate a deliverance far transcending that of the extinction of West India slavery on the first of August.

GENERAL GRANT IN BOSTON.

On ascertaining that General Grant was at Albany, last week, and might probably extend his journey still further east, Gov. Andrew deputed Gen. Schouler to take a letter to him, inviting him to Boston, and assuring him that it would confer great pleasure on the people of Massachusetts to accord him some reception which might help to express their cordial sentiments of honor and gratitude for the services he had rendered his country. In accordance with this invitation, Gen. Grant arrived in this city on Saturday evening. For two hours, an immense assembly waited eagerly to give him their "all hail," at the Worcester depot.

At about seven—says the Journal—the Independent Corps of Cadets, in command of Lieut. Col. C. C. Holmes, and accompanied by the Brigade Band, marched into the station, and were drawn up in line upon the platform. Loud cheering from the lower end, outside, announced the approach of the train, and at precisely ten minutes past 7 o'clock it entered the station. As the General descended from the car, supported on the arm of Adj. Gen. Schouler, and followed by his staff, family and other gentlemen of the party, he was met by President Twichell of the Worcester Lord, Superintendent Prescott of the Eastern, Hon. Henry Wilson, Mr. Wm. H. Kennard, Mr. Geo. L. Sawin and other prominent gentlemen, while the escort presented arms, and the band saluted with "Hail to the Chief." On the appearance of the distinguished party at the entrance of the station, such cheers rent the air as were never heard in greeting of any man. A welcome so ardent and enthusiastic has never been given to any one in this city before, and in no other city, we are told, has it been equalled.

As the General stepped into the carriage in waiting, the immense multitude assembled made a rush and crowded round it to obtain a grasp of his hand. It was with difficulty that the police were able to force them back, and they were obliged to use their "bills" pretty freely before the crowd gave way, when the other carriages were filled as speedily as possible, the escort fell into column, and the cortege moved on. General Grant rode in the first barouche, which was drawn by four splendid steeds who seemed to step with a certain pride, as if they knew they were harnessed to the chariot of a hero. On the seat beside him was Col. Babcock of his staff; in front, Adjutant General Schouler and Col. King. The next carriage contained the General's family; the third the remainder of his staff, and another the City Committee. The route was taken through Beach to Washington, Washington to Boylston, Tremont and Court to the Revere House. The streets were thronged. Cheer upon cheer rose from the crowds upon the sidewalks, on the balconies and at the windows. As the cortege passed the Common, a national salute was fired by a section of Capt. French's Battery.

Among those present at the Revere House to receive the General were Gov. Andrew and his staff, and a number of distinguished gentlemen, among whom were Hon. Samuel Hooper, Hon. Henry Wilson, Hon. Charles Sumner, the Marquis de Chambord, Mr. Loring Lathrop, and several ladies. The Governor having welcomed the Lieutenant General in behalf of the State, and the ceremonies of introduction being over, while tremendous cheering was going on outside, the General and party retired to their rooms, and about an hour afterward came down to supper. The General, on arrival, was dressed in plain clothes, with only his military hat, and on entering the supper room wore his full uniform as Lieut. General, without arms. His Excellency the Governor presided at the table, with Mrs. Grant on his right hand, and the General on his left.

At 9 o'clock in the evening, Gen. Grant was serenaded by Gilmore's magnificent full band, playing "Hail Columbia," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "The Red, White and Blue," "Tramp, tramp, tramp," "Yankee Doodle," &c. At length, the General made his appearance on the balcony, with His Excellency the Governor, Col. Babcock of his staff, and his son Frederick, the band playing "Hail to the Chief," and the vast multitude which filled the square and showed a sea of heads far down Cambridge, Green, Chardon and Court streets, cheered louder than ever. As the tumult was about to subside, a stentorian voice called out, "Three cheers for the old bull-dog of the Weldon Railroad!" which was the signal for another outburst of enthusiasm from the crowd, mingled with cries of "Speech," "Speech," "Say something, General," and similar calls, with loud and long-continued cheering. As soon as it was possible to be heard, Governor Andrew said:

Gentlemen: The General desires me to say that he highly appreciates the honor of your call this evening, and that he will be happy to meet his friends and take them by the hand at Faneuil Hall on Monday, at 12 o'clock.

Again the cheers broke forth, and the General, with His Excellency, retired to the parlors, where a number of merchants and gentlemen of the city were introduced. At 10 o'clock carriages were brought to the Bullfinch street entrance, and while the Band was discoursing some of their most beautiful music, to which the multitude were listening, General Grant and his Staff, with the Governor and His Honor, Mayor Lincoln, (who had arrived during the evening, and came directly to the Revere House), were driven off to the Union Club, where the General was received and entertained by the members of the Club, and remained until after 11 o'clock.

On Sunday forenoon he attended religious service at the Old South, where a discourse was preached by Rev. J. M. Manning.

His Excellency the Governor dined with the General at 3 o'clock P. M., at the Revere House, and at 6 1/2 o'clock the whole party, consisting of Governor Andrew, Lieutenant-General Grant, Mrs. Grant, Masters Frederick and Ulysses, and Misses Ellen and Jessie, with Col. Babcock and two sons of the Governor, were driven out to the suburbs, and on their return were stopped at the residence of His Honor Mayor Lincoln in Lombard Square, where they met a few friends, and remained during the evening.

On Monday morning, Gen. Grant visited the Navy Yard at Charlestown, and was received by Rear Admiral Stringham, the Commandant, and members of his staff, who proceeded to conduct the company through the yard. The marine guard, in command of Lieut. Pope, were formed in line on the parade, with the Navy Yard Band, and presented arms as the General passed, the band playing "Hail to the Chief." The workmen of the yard, numbering about thirty-five hundred, were assembled on either side of the principal street, reaching nearly down to the wharves, and as the distinguished party advanced bled cheer upon cheer with the music of the band and the salutes that thundered forth from the guns of the water battery. After passing through the various workshops and inspecting the new vessels now in process of construction, the company returned to the Admiral's house, where an elegant collation was served, and the officers of the yard were presented to the General in the order of their rank.

From the Navy Yard the General was taken to the residence of Hon. G. W. Warren, and from thence to the Monument grounds, where the principal features of interest were pointed out.

Returning to Boston, at noon, the General was escorted to Faneuil Hall, in and around which were thousands of citizens, eager to do him honor, and whose enthusiasm on his appearance was boundless. Mayor Lincoln introduced him as follows:

Fellow-Citizens: We have assembled to do honor to a distinguished guest, whose name is a household word in every patriot home—a man of deeds and not of words, whose eloquence is of that kind which has stirred the people's heart more than any form of speech, and who is here at our invitation to receive that gratitude and admiration for his eminent services which we rejoice in the opportunity of extending to him. If our lips had been dumb, these very walls would have roared with these pictures of his worth. He has rushed from his canvas to bid him welcome to Faneuil Hall. I am desired by him to express to you his thanks for this demonstration, and to say that he is not in the habit of speaking, and will not address this assembly. A portion of you, however, he will gladly take by the hand, but as he has not an arm of iron, he can hardly be expected that he will be able to greet all of you as you pay your respects to him.

Mayor Lincoln then presented Gen. Grant to the assembled multitude. When the hero stepped upon the rostrum, the cheers and applause again burst forth, louder, longer than before, the band playing "Hail to the Chief."

From Faneuil Hall the General was driven to the Revere House, where an elegant lunch was served; after which, he was taken to the College at Cambridge, to Mount Auburn, to the beautiful country-seat of Mr. Alvin Adams, to the Watertown Arsenal, and, finally, to the Union Club in Park Street, where a private dinner party was given to his honor—Gov. Andrew being present.

The General, with his family and suite, left Boston for Portland at half-past 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning, in a special train over the Boston and Maine railroad, stopping at Lawrence to view the Pacific Mills and other objects of interest.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK. NO. XXXIX.

NEW YORK, July 27, 1865.

To the Editor of the Liberator:

It is a little less than half a century since Sir Francis Burdett introduced into Parliament a scheme of reform which provided for universal male suffrage, equal electoral districts, one day for all elections, voting by ballot, and an annual renewal of Parliament. His motion was seconded by Lord Cochrane, who was appointed teller with him on the call for the previous question. The House gave him little trouble in counting their supporters: 106 said no, and not a soul said yes. There have been many reforms since in England, though no great progress has been made towards the democratic model in regulating the franchise. Up to this time there has been wanting a striking and irrefragable proof of the security of our American system; but the liberal party across the water is to-day enabled to contrast the rioting which preceded and in some measure attended the recent elections there, with the absolute sobriety of our national election last November, when the very existence of Government was at stake, and the rebellion cast all its moral (say, rather, immoral) weight, and what of physical it could, into the balance. This fact alone, which shines like a kohinoor in the experiment of popular self-rule, would probably secure at the present epoch a more respectful hearing for a proposition like Sir Francis Burdett's, and perhaps a decent minority favorable to its adoption. Certain it is, that one staunch friend of human equality has been triumphantly carried into Parliament, in the person of John Stuart Mill, not the least of whose recommendations was, that he had been the steadfast champion of the cause, the principles and the politics of our loyal North. Mr. Mill had serious difficulties to encounter—wealth that corrupted, and bigotry that undermined the consciences of the electors. He was chosen, after all, as much in spite of certain views which he publicly avowed, as because of his general opinions on the question of reform. We may not pretend, therefore, that his election signifies any approval of his belief that women should have a voice at the polls as well as men—a doctrine which even Sir Francis could hardly have swallowed, or undertaken to deduce from the Magna Charta. We may well be surprised, however, to find the conservative opposition were unable to defeat the logician by showing whether his reasoning led him, when once he had launched upon the vortex of democracy. Let me recall, as a curious coincidence and parallel, the struggle for Westminster in 1818, when Sir Francis Burdett was reelected by the electors, because of his views on a general extension of the suffrage, together with Sir Samuel Romilly, whose name is synonymous with purity and humanity. The latter, we are told, was "brought in at the head of the poll, without having either spent a shilling or asked a vote, or even once made his appearance on the hustings."

Judicious Johnson may be deemed to have acted from a prudent motive when he preferred for Provisional Governors Southern-born men, and, if possible, natives of the States over which they were wanted to preside. This policy had its perils as well as its advantages—both too plain to need pointing out. The newly-created officials have in fact entered on their functions with considerable equivocation, making an oblique and awkward bow, as who would fain be spared the impoliteness of turning their gubernatorial backs on the setting or the rising sun. The introduction over, their language has begun to improve, and perhaps it would be unfair to charge any one of them with a design to impede the legal extinction of slavery by national and State enactments. For the rest, they are mainly concerned to hurry reconstruction through the summer, order and hold elections in the Fall, and send up to Congress, hand in hand, a full delegation of Senators and Representatives. Gov. Perry is confident that South Carolina will be on hand in December. It is more than likely. But it will require a number of anti-Greenback speeches to render the State acceptable in the eyes of Congress. Mr. Perry had the misfortune to be a common citizen before he was a Governor, and to be called on to make a public confession before he knew that his were already official lips. Having read his remarks with some diligence, I venture to append a condensed report, which I am aware possesses a mixed character, but I think not more so than its original. The orator exhibited a singular dexterity in neutralizing every good thing that he said, and while seeming to encourage the people to be sublimely

and prompt to reconstruct the State on the basis prescribed by Government, set a very mischievous example of how not to do it.

ADDRESS OF HON. B. F. PERRY.

TO HIS CONSTITUENTS AT GREENVILLE, S. C., BEFORE HE KNEW THAT HE WAS GOVERNOR IN POSS.

"I always told you how 't would be. There was no chance of breaking loose. You doubted, but circumspect! You've lost your egg and killed the goose. But let me tell you privately, I could have wished you hadn't failed; You had, as long as you were at sea, The prettiest craft that ever sailed. 'That ever sailed or sunk,' says he, 'Or sunk,'—the Honorable B. F. Perry says reluctantly. This gentleman maligns lui.

"And how about your slavery? What's niggers worth, I'd like to know? You're got to let 'em all run free. Prestissimo, presto! The wretches, though, 'twixt you and me, Will find their blessing prove a curse—From bondage into liberty. Is going straight from bad to worse, 'From bad to worse,' says he, 'From good,'—the Honorable B. F. Perry says decidedly. This gentleman maligns lui.

"O Union! true was I to thee. When all around secessionward Were tending, like a honey-bee, That makes for clover on the award. Yet, friends, I own that bitterly I grieve that we return again, With curving back and bended knee, The mates and not the lords of men. 'The mates, not lords of men,' says he, 'Not lords,'—the Honorable B. F. Perry says regretfully. This gentleman maligns lui.

"Although you strayed from your allegiance, you were never knaves: You lacked no gift of prophecy, you were Immortal, unsuccessful braves! And that heroic generalissimo, who nobly led you on, The dauntless, spotless General Lee, Is fit to rank with Washington. 'To rank with Washington,' says he, 'Or next,'—the Honorable B. F. Perry says assuredly. This gentleman maligns lui.

"By-gone it is, and let it be—The past that brought no gain to you: Take on your cruel destiny, And wear it like a well-used shoe. But, ah! the North's atrocity I would not have you ever forget, Nor cease to recollect that we Are loyal to the bayonet. 'Loyal to bayonets,' says he, 'Loyal!,'—the Honorable B. F. Perry says respectfully. This gentleman maligns lui.

"Is this your boasted loyalty? The nation cries, with wrath and scorn: 'Sooner than mouth it, better die—Oh! better never have been born!' 'Time was, I will admit,' says he, 'The word meant something else; but, la! The times have changed, and so, latterly, And nous avons change cela. 'Aron change cela,' says he, 'Tou ça,' the Honorable B. F. Perry says, 'to quote le dit Duclaux maligns lui.

You will pardon me if the above undertaking has left me little strength to talk of other topics this week. It may be permitted, while the hot weather lasts, to improve the beautiful spectacle which the late rebellious South presents. Each State has a Governor; or, to speak more accurately, every Governor has a State. How many the Union has of the latter cannot be settled before December. I anticipate considerable contention and some disappointment in the effort at re-admission. Shutting my eyes on that prospect, I intend to enjoy the Provisional State of South Carolina as long as I can.

M. DU PAYS.

THE RENOVATION OF THE SOUTH.

The leading and most efficient means of renovating any country or section of a country is the instruction of the people. The want of instruction is peculiarly the condition of the South at the present time. No portion of Europe for the last hundred years has been more hopelessly sunk in ignorance, not only of human rights and true political ideas, but of the necessary domestic thrift, and the means for the attainment of personal comfort by well-applied and judiciously managed manual labor. Indeed, the leading themes on which social conversation and the intellectual energies of the people were expended were, in general, more characteristic of African heathenism than of Caucasian civilization. With few exceptions, the public mind has been "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" to the gross sensualism of trade, without its expansive and liberalizing influence, felt in the free North and throughout the civilized world. And so far from the South ever having been a strong, wealthy, self-sustaining section of the country, it has always been hopelessly bankrupt in money as well as in character. The high price of cotton, some few years, has given it a galvanic appearance of rapid accumulation of wealth; but the extra profits of those years have been always absorbed, either in paying off old debts or in outlays to forestall the rainy days sure to come in the next few years. No country can be safely called rich, or even absolutely prosperous, that is dependent for its whole support upon one staple. The rice and sugar productions of the South occupied but small fractions of the inhabitants; not enough of the cereals were grown for their own consumption; their beef, pork, hay, butter, cheese and mules came from the North and West; and, leaving out Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, their horses and cattle were of but little account. Cotton was their sole dependence. Its culture cost six cents a pound by the cheapest labor; and when it sold for ten, or even twelve cents, it left no margin large enough to furnish the planters, great and small, the means of gratifying their luxurious and wasteful tastes, after relieving their necessities. Hypothecation of future crops and mortgaging of plantations were of course the final resort in multitudinous cases, and as the years rolled on, bad matters only became worse.

The stupidity of the people, induced by the sloth begotten of slavery, and the gradual disuse of the reflective and perceptive faculties, forbade any general awakening to the real condition of things; and an obstinate pride and arrogant self-conceit, the natural children of stupidity and sloth, shut the door to instruction from without; and to an honest, thorough and keen observer, there could not be found in the world, not excepting China and India, a more dismal case of the steady progress of the disintegration of society than was there presented. Rapidly and surely the moral pillars of their social edifice were giving way; and it only required the earthquake of civil war to prostrate the temple reared by Southern devotion in irretrievable ruin. Now the great deep of Southern prejudice is broken up by the rude hand of the rebellion, and the miserable wrecks of a poor, proud, stupid and ignorant people lie, a chaotic mass, in full view of the gaze of all Christendom. There is no mistaking the real nature of the beast that ruled with such despotic sway under the guise of a pure-principled oligarchy, and bent into one solid phalanx of evil the base but stubborn will of the ignorant masses. Once the name of slavery or the South could stand against the world; now "none so poor to do it reverence." There is no apostrophe for the modern hydra whose fifty heads are now being cut off, and searched with the hot iron of universal contempt.

Now, how can these masses of human beings, black and white—for there is virtually no difference in moral condition at present—be raised to a fit position in the republic? The question being asked admits of but one answer—they must be instructed. To a New Englander, born amid free schools, having never lived beyond the sight of a church steeple and school-house, the answer involves an enormous outlay of money in the erection of school-houses, elegant furniture, libraries, text-books, well-paid teachers, the arts and sciences, academies or high schools, colleges

clergymen at high salaries, and school commencing everywhere like the frogs of Egypt, demanding every road from ignorance to intelligence by the only way in which an individual can reach that eligible condition, by his own efforts, aided simply by the wisdom which a reader and more agreeable way than to wait for these "glittering generalities."

In this view, first, the necessity of being taught to read and write—attainments that in ordinary circumstances can be reached in a year by any usually bright boy or girl over ten years of age—will be admitted. The barbarous souls imbued with the missionary spirit, who are willing to impart instruction of this rudimentary nature, without regard to convenience or expense, suggested in our former discussion of this subject, the intelligent colored people of the North and West can follow; but just now, the whole effort is directed to opening the gate of the mind to the nation, this all the rest will come in good time, after the easily encephalated people from the degradation of barbarism, and understood that geography and grammar, and those are the ways and means for physical support from the right application and economy of labor, and how to defend their persons and property from attack, and render them safe at all times. It is the usual school plan of the best; but in this case we must educate millions of adults, of both sexes, and all colors.

And in order to bring the knowledge of reading into full and immediate use, so that the ability to read may increase, and its practical use be immediately felt in the improvement and uplifting of the people in thrift, morals and intelligence, the newspapers must be invoked. And on this point we wish to add a few desultory suggestions.

While it will be admitted that no agency has done more—notwithstanding the evils connected with its administration—to enlighten and expand the intellect of the North, it will not probably be denied that the main influence of the newspaper press of the South has been pernicious. Learning on a small amount of smattering of literary composition, and turning paragraphs, and the little local news, related to their columns, it will hardly be claimed that the Southern papers of the old style were so much to be read. It is easy to see how the people could remain in such enfeebling ignorance of their state, the country at large, and the North in general, who appears to have been the case. Light was streaming kept from their eyes, and darkness, dense as that of Egypt, was spread over the land, and the newspapers seemed to vie with each other to increase it.

Now, this must be reversed. The main effort of the philanthropist must be to set up the printing press all over the South, as fast as possible, and furnish the people with the needed simple information on the various matters connected with thrift and self-reliance. Independence. Let all abstract speculation cease while till the people are informed in the proper use of the soil, the proper use of tools, the simple, chemic arts, the necessity of self-dependence, and how to attain to it, as well as the knowledge of human rights.

There are perhaps a few such papers now in existence, but we do not see any. We are informed that the Black Republican, a newspaper purporting to be edited by colored men in New Orleans, is a system affair. If so, we are sorry. There ought to be a good, smart, spicy paper, if not a large one, fitted to the comprehension of the common people, not only in New Orleans, Memphis, Louisville, Nashville, Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, Norfolk and Richmond, but in fifty other places in the Central South, as soon as possible. And in any mass of people so colored friends should have a leading interest, and editorial partnership, if not full control. And then should be no dilettanteism as to the fitness of the paper or elegance of type. If necessary, let the coarsest and blackest of printing press, only the proper matter before the people is a cheap and simple form. In this way can the masses be educated in the proper ideas of life and labor. In no way thought can be quickened, and public sentiment aroused to consider those matters that have been long beyond its reach. The rights of man will be sooner understood. The claims of all human beings to the same privileges will be more easily seen. Treachery will disappear; ignorance will give place to useful knowledge; the perspective distance of the whites will be excited, strengthened and brought into use; and the blacks, who have been compelled to learn through the eye and ear, while the tongue was silenced, will find a use for their developed perceptions.

Cannot the abundant sympathy and pecuniary generosity of the great North do something in this line that shall bet in the South the counterpart of excellent institutions? Verily, the thought thrives upon us, that ten years of these and kindred opinions will inaugurate in the South the operation of moral forces founded upon the pecuniary and political prosperity of that section, that will build up in the sunny climate, at no very far distant day, the New Jerusalem of modern and Western civilization.

ELLEN CRAFT AND HER MOTHER.
New York, July 11, 1865.

THE NATION

THE NATION,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE,
SCIENCE AND ART,
Will be published July 6, 1865.

Its main objects will be—
First—The discussion of the topics of the day, and, above all, of legal, economical and constitutional questions, with greater accuracy and moderation than are now to be found in the daily press.

Second—The maintenance and diffusion of true democratic principles in society and government, and the advance and illustration of whatever in legislation or in manner seems likely to promote a more equal distribution of the fruits of progress and civilization.

Fourth—The enforcement and illustration of the doctrine that the whole community has the strongest interest, both moral, political and material, in their elevation, and that the people are responsible for the people as long as they are not responsible to the people.

Fifth—The fixing of public attention upon the political importance of popular education, and the dangers which a system like ours runs from the neglect of it in any portion of our territory.

Sixth—The collection and diffusion of trustworthy information as to the condition and prospects of the Southern States, the openings they offer to capital, the supplies and kind of labor which can be obtained in them, and the progress made by the colored population in acquiring the habits and desires of civilized life.

works of art.

THE NATION will not be the organ of any party, sect or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration and misrepresentation, by which much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features, and pains will be taken

It is intended in the interest of investors, as well as of the public generally, to have questions of trade and

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with some care, is about to start in a few days first on a journey through the South. His letters will appear every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting

The following writers, among others, have been secured either as regular or occasional contributors :

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J. R. LOWELL,

JOHN G. WHITTIER,
SAMUEL ELIOT, (Ex-Pres. Trin. College, Hart-
ford,)
Prof. TORREY, (Harvard,)
Dr. FRANCIS LIEBER,
Prof. CHILD, (Harvard,)
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Judge BOND, (Baltimore,)
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Prof. W. D. WHITNEY, (Yale,)
Prof. D. C. GILMAN, (Yale,)
Judge DALY,
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Judge WAYLAND,
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Poetry.

PEACE SMILES AT LAST.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Four summers coined their golden light in leaves,
Four wint'rs autumn'd their soft gleams in snow,
Four winters wove the shroud the tempest weaves,
The fourth was April wept o'er hill and vale,
And still the war-clouds scowled on sea and land,
With red gleams of battle staining through,
When, lo! as parted by an angel's hand,
They open, and the heavens again are blue!

Which is the dream, the present, or the past?
The night of anguish, or the joyous morn?
The long, long years with horrors overcast,
Or the sweet promise of the day new-born?

Tell us, O father, as thine arms enfold
Thy belted first-born in his father's breast,
Murmuring the prayer the patriarch breathed of old,
"Now let me die, for I have seen my face!"

Tell us, O mother, may, thou canst not speak,
But thy fond eyes shall answer, brimmed with tears,
Press thy mute lips against the sun-brown cheeks,
Is this a phantom, thy returning boy?

Tell us, O maiden,—Ah! what canst thou tell
That Nature's record is not first to teach,
The open volume all can read so well,
With its twin crimson pages full of speech?

And ye who mourn your dead, how sternly true
The cruel hour that wrenched their lives away,
Shadowed with sorrow's midnight veil for you,
For them the dawning of immortal day!

Dream-like, these years of conflict,—not a dream!
Death, ruin, sorrow, tell their awful tale,
Read by the flaming war-track's lurid gleam;
No dream, but truth that truth the nation pale!

For on the pillar raised by martyr hands
Burns the rekindled beacon of the right,
Sowing its seeds of life o'er all the lands,
Thrones look a century older in its light!

Rome had her triumphs; round her conqueror's car
The ensigns wave, the laurel branches blow,
And o'er the trophies of her valor
With outspread wings the eagle eagles flew;

Arms, treasures, captives, kings in clanking chains,
Urged on by trampling cohorts brazen and scarred,
And wild-eyed wonders snatched on Lybian plains,
Lion and ostrich and camelopard.

Vain all that prates of glories, that consuls brought
When Rome's returning legions crowned their lord;
Less than the dead brave deeds these hands have wrought
We clasp, unclenching from the bloody sword!

There was the mighty word that seers foretold;
They knew not half their glorious task was won,
For this is Heaven's saint battle,—joined of old
When Athens fought for at Marathon!

Behold a vision none hath understood!
The breaking of the Apocalypse seal:
Twice rings the summons—hail, and fire, and blood!
Then the third angel blows his trumpet-peal.

Lo! wail the dwellers on the myrtled coast,
The green savannahs swell the maddened cry,
And with a yell from all the demon hosts
Falls the great star, called Wormwood, from the sky!

Bitter it mingles with the poisoned flow
Of the warm rivers winding to the shore;
Thousands moulder the stains of death and woe,
But the star Wormwood stains the heavens no more!

Peace smiles at last; the Nation smiles her sons
To breathe the sword; her battle-field she fur,
Speaks in glad thunders from unshodded guns,
And hides her rubies under milk-white pearls.

O ye that fought for Freedom, living, dead,
One sacred host of God's anointed Queen,
For every holy drop your veins have shed
We breathe a welcome to our bowers of green!

Welcome, ye living! from the foeman's gripe
Your country's banner it was yours to wrest.
Ah! many a torched house the banner-stripe,
And stars, once crimson, hallow many a breast.

And ye, pale heroes, who, from glory's bed,
Mark when your old battalions form in line,
Move in their marching ranks with noiseless tread,
And shape unheard the evening counterguard,

Come with your comrades, the returning brave,
Shoulder to shoulder they await you here!
These lent the life their martyr-brothers gave,
Living and dead alike forever dear.

HARBELLS BY THE RIVER.

BY KATE CARLISLE.

"The river that we would not wish to forget, even by
the waters of the River of Life."—D. A. WASSON in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Sweet blue harbells!
Faint blue harbells!
Since your beauty gladdened and thrilled me last,
When my careless feet in childhood strayed
Where you nodded and drooped in the dewy shade.

Fairy harbells!
Now in memory clearly seen,
As if the great sea had not rolled between,
And the broad land where my lot is cast,
And the small green isle where I saw you last!

Far-off harbells,
The fairest of all New England streams,
The beautiful river I see in dreams,
Which the noblest river in the world hath sung,
Hath its banks "with trembling harbells hung!"

Happy harbells!
Do ye not tremble with joy to hear
The musical note of my waves so near;
Quiver with ecstasy—catching, in play,
The precious pearls of its falling spray?

Northern harbells!
Fair as a dream are the lakes that sleep
Under the Mexican zenith deep;
And fair are the flowers that round them lie
In the noontide glow of that tropic sky;

As if some great fairy net were brought,
And all hues that fly in the light were caught,
Mingled and tangled and breeze-circled,
And still in its cunning meshes kept
Till they ceased to struggle with fate, grew tame,
And that fairy prison a home became!

Yet, blue harbells!
Lovelier, lovelier far than the dream
Of tropic flowers by the Mexican stream
Are the wild and sweet imaginings
That the verse of the North's great poet brings;
Till I listen and watch by the rocky shores,
For the whitening waves, and their deafening roar,
Or in some sweet valley the dark-blue gleam
And musical glides of that shaded stream,
And see the blue harbells quivering deep,
And the branches above them lovingly droop,
For pavement and canopy over the sod
Where the feet of the New-World muses tread!

Oh! ye harbells!
What thought—what music hath echoed wide
From a sacred nook by that river's side?
How it thrills us and fills us with glorious song—
With love of freedom and hate of wrong,
With patience the crosses of truth to bear,
With passionate yearnings to do and dare!
And wherever its softer notes breathe low,
There's a sweetness that stolen from life and heart
Till it seems of our very soul a part!

Old-time harbells!
The dear young brother that played with me
Among the blue harbells, over the sea,
Is "gone to the front," where the thunders of war
Are clearing the heavens for Freedom's star;
My New-World home? he hath suffered for me,
And now thou art dearer than ever to me!

Sweet blue harbells!
I mean that for green isle no more,
For you—ye bloom on a dearer shore.
Oh! to fling myself down, some day,
Where the bank is green "neath your river's spray;
To love you and play with you and play with you there,
As a babe might play with its mother's hair;
While I weep for happiness, thanking God
For the touch of New England's sacred sod!

Precious harbells!
Friends, if ye love me, make my grave
Close, very close by the murmuring wave;
Plant birches and maples for cypress and yew,
And cover the mound with the harbells blue!
Auburn, N. Y., 1864.

The Liberator.

SHALL BLACK MEN VOTE?

Extract from a letter to a Northern soldier in the South:—

Boston, July 26, 1865.

You speak of the length of time that must elapse before the mass of negroes at the South can vote intelligently, which is very true; and proceed to judge that "it would be a prostitution of the ballot-box to open it to the freedmen at once," which is not so certain. At least, there is something to be said on the other side.

The "self-evident truth" stated in the Declaration of Independence about governments "deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," seems to me to be granted that voting is a natural right of the human being on arriving at the age of citizenship, irrespective of intelligence. My idea would be to concede that right, and then encourage the acquisition of knowledge by granting citizenship a year earlier to those who fulfilled certain specified conditions.

To proceed from general ideas to the particular circumstances of the present case—the question for our country now is, whether black men as well as white men may vote in State and National elections.

The sooner we disuse the term "freedmen," I think, the better. To distinguish this class of people by name and treatment from others was one of the devices of slavery. Our part is to consider them (and as far as possible cause them every where to be regarded and spoken of) as a part of the American people. When the Constitutional Amendment shall have been ratified, the freedmen will be free men, and need not be mentioned as forming a class different from other free men, especially as the same varieties of intelligence appear among them as among the whites.

Shall black men as well as white men be full citizens, equal before the law? This is the question.

Apart from the natural right above mentioned, there are two reasons of present advantage, immensely important to the country, why it should be so.

1. Our great present foe, North and South, is disloyal feeling. Favor to the ideas and interests of those who have been making war upon us for four years, coming up in State and National action, is our great present danger. The blacks are all loyal. Their wish to sustain the U. S. Government, against any opposing wishes and plans of disloyal men, may be thoroughly depended on. This is a point of very great importance.

2. With the Nation's general interest to hold under effective control the action of disloyal members, goes its special interest to guard the old gap through which their disloyalty formerly attained such power, namely, their tyranny over the colored people. To give political power to those colored people, enabling them to act effectively in the interest of the Nation, and, by the very same act, to secure those rights of their own which the Nation needs to have secured as a part of its defense against the disloyal, seems the readiest means to accomplish both purposes.

It seems to me that these two reasons, first the security of the Nation, and next the concession of justice to the blacks, (which is not only coincident with the Nation's security but an essential part of it,) demand an immediate grant of the suffrage to the colored people. The ignorance of so many of them is unfortunate, just as the ignorance of so many of the whites is unfortunate. But even at first, the most ignorant of the blacks will not vote so badly as the most ignorant of the whites, because the latter favor the disloyal leaders, while the former will not favor them.

Then, the ballot is an immense educational influence; and, looking to coming years, the ignorant black class in the South, if thus helped, will gain intelligence much faster than the ignorant white class. The education and civilization of the South would be immensely forwarded by this movement.—C. K. W.

Why Ministers of the Everlasting Gospel should not use tobacco.

1. The habit renders you offensive to many people who think "cleanness next to godliness." Converts sometimes recoil from baptism, and communicants from receiving sacramental bread from tobacco-using ministers; dying saints, well-nigh suffocated with the poisonous odor, have, with trembling hand, waved pastors from their bedside. Humiliating fact!

2. The habit degrades your lips. You roll a noxious poison under your tongue, and your throat sometimes painfully reminds us of an open sepulchre. Impure lips are an abomination to the Lord, and they should be to his ministers.

3. The habit ill-becomes Christian gentlemen, such as clergymen commonly are. "St. Paul," says Bishop Hooker, "was emphatically a gentleman." Paul "chew the cud"! Paul among the votaries of smoke! The church of God resents the imputation!

4. The habit injures your voice. The cigar makes it weak and husky; the quid gives it the rough and frog-like note; while snuff, as all know, gives it the nasal twang. Why ruin the rich and many notes of an eloquent voice, so charming and effective in our pulpits? Have we an excess of sacred eloquence?

5. The habit is pernicious as an example. What if your whole charge, men, women and children, should copy it,—all turn smokers! How long would you live with such a people? You would ask a dismission in twenty-four hours.

6. The habit is expensive. Your salaries are not large, and irrespective of the sin of wasting money on a rank poison, the habit in clergymen is eminently in bad taste, on a financial score.

7. The habit diminishes self-respect. It lowers the type of any man, much more than that of a Christian minister. It renders many despicable in their own eyes. "I love my pipe," said a clergyman, "and despise myself for using it."

8. The habit disturbs the circulation of the blood and the action of the heart. Many tobacco-users fall dead suddenly. You may fall dead in your pulpits. Some preachers have. Consult Dr. Twichell on sudden deaths, and heed his warnings.

9. The habit injures the mind; it completely enervates it. Said a young minister, aiming to break his chains, "I need tobacco to give me resolution to give up tobacco." Sooner or later it renders clergymen unmanly, undecided, and the sport of caprice.

10. The habit enfeebles the memory. The minds of smokers are sometimes completely obliterated. The machine seems to stop, mental action to cease, and there has been a mental suicide for the time, a violation of the Sixth Commandment.

11. The habit is an "assault and battery" on the whole nervous system. It tends to debase reason, and makes imbeciles and maniacs of many ministers and sedentary men, and our insane asylums confirm this statement.

12. The habit tends to soothe, and in turn to exasperate the sensibilities and passions. It produces a morbid irritability, and renders many an amiable clergyman unamiable, and unfits him to deal with unreasonable men and wrangling parishes.

13. The habit ranks with the "works of darkness." Satan has much to do with it. King James said, "It bewitcheth him that useth it." It seems to bewitch its clerical victims more than other men. Clergymen, like fine violins, are easily put out of order.

14. The habit aims higher, and does violence to the moral sense. You cannot maintain a clear conscience, and be the votaries of tobacco. It wastes time, money, strength and life, and tramples on the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, and is sinful, or a sin, if anything is a sin.

15. The habit unfits you to preach against intemperance. Tobacco is an intoxicant. Men and boys get drunk on it. Should you in good earnest denounce dram-shops and reprove drunkards, they would storm you with the cry, "Physician, heal thyself!"

16. The habit tends to stupefy all the Christian affections, and render the soul apathetic and inactive. Some clergymen ensconce themselves in their studies, envelop themselves in smoke, and care little or nothing about glorious revivals and glorious reforms, and repose as an incubus upon their churches.

17. The habit destroys the souls of many of your hearers—youth men in scores. They see you and other gentlemen smoke, and they smoke with a tenfold fury. With them it becomes a mighty idol standing between their souls and Christ.

18. The habit is a self-indulgence in conflict with the self-denying life of Christ, whom you call "Lord, Lord," and profess to imitate. Is this the way to "fill up what is behind of the sufferings of Christ," which the Apostle enjoins?

19. The habit, by destroying health, abridges life, and thus the ranks of the ministry. The cry of the South and West now is, "Come over and help us." "The laborers are few."

20. The habit narcotizes whole tribes, whole nations! It hinders a sceptre over nearly two hundred millions! It hinders the conversion of the world! We beseech you to preach against it; but how can you whilst you are its votaries?

Break, dear brethren, break from this body-destroying, soul-vitiating narcotic in all its forms! Banish it, and in a few days you will get habituated to do without it, and in a few months you will be a newly-organized person. By all the value you place upon yourself—by all the solemnity of the laws of your being—by all the authority of God's commands to do yourself no harm, we beseech you to break from it at once, and let it be forever.

GEO. TRASK.

GEN. BUTLER ON THE STARVATION OF PRISONERS.

At the celebration of the 4th at Lowell, Gen. B. F. Butler being called to respond to the toast, "Our Volunteers," said:

The Volunteers of the United States Army—but another form of words for the Army of the United States, as, with the exception of a handful, all the army were volunteers.

How have they fared? What battle-fields have been rendered illustrious by their valor! What rights have been preserved by their constancy! What benefits to mankind by their success! How freedom to all men has been secured as a result of their valor! The history of our country has preserved a record enduring forever.

It is fit, on this birthday of the nation whose very existence is preserved by their heroic patriotism, in our joyous commemoration, that we should honor them for their services, and mingle our congratulations with theirs in a toast to the brave and noble men who would treat a dog, and you have poisoned a great number of them in the North. At this moment, there are fights constantly taking place in Washington and throughout the country, and the question of the right to an omnibus. I said the people who would do that are not the friends of the black man. I said, "I am his friend; I believe that if he had allowed them to go on quietly, they would have been liberated, carefully, wisely, for the Americans and for the negro, and he would not have been as he is now—a wretched, miserable, starved creature, ill-treated on all sides, buffeted and trampled, cruelly maltreated, and miserably treated."

Now, Mr. Roebuck cannot be innocently ignorant of the fact that the American owners of the blacks are all but universally Copperheads, and open or secret sympathizers with the Slaveholders' Rebellion. We personally know hundreds who are "down on the nigger," as they phrase it; but not one of these was heartily devoted to the Union cause in our late struggle, while a majority of the nation were so devoted. The anti-slavery men in our city, who burned the colored orphan asylum two years since, and hunted poor negro women and children out of their homes and into their graves, offered \$500 for the sign of a Black Republican, and assailed the *Tribune* office as maliciously as possible, but not quite so successfully, as if it had been a negro hut. Search from Maine to Texas, and wherever you find an abuser of negroes, no matter if in our National uniform, you have one who hoped for the triumph of the Confederacy, either through Disunion outright and permanent, or a reconstruction which should make the South a permanent fundamental law of our whole country, and the Slave Power its omnipotent and perpetual dictator. These are facts which Mr. Roebuck need not cross the Atlantic to learn, and they brand his attack upon us with essential and inexcusable falsehood.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

STATE POLITICS.

Since the State Committees of the two political parties in this State have called their respective Conventions for the nomination of candidates for State officers, the question who shall be the candidates is exciting considerable interest. It is well known that the anti-slavery men in the State are not in the majority, and that the pro-slavery men are in the majority. The anti-slavery men are not in the majority, and that the pro-slavery men are in the majority. The anti-slavery men are not in the majority, and that the pro-slavery men are in the majority.

There was no proof of insanity; the attempt to establish this line of defence was a complete failure. There was, indeed, a moral insanity, anger at the humiliation of being deserted, and a brooding over the wrong received, or imagined that the soul was goaded to seek reparation in murder.

Nor was any wrong inflicted which could be magnified into justification of the crime. There was no loss of character or of virtue; no beguilement into sin; no corruption of honor by a promise of marriage. There were lower-like attentions, but no spoken—solemn promises, perhaps, made; but the only crime alleged—the attempt to inveigle into a house of ill-fame—was not proved, but contradicted by a witness whose veracity was unquestioned.

But this criminal, guilty of wilful murder, in cool blood, without aggravating cause, has been acquitted simply because she is a woman. The result is a declaration that a woman may commit murder with impunity, if she pleads wounded affections in defence. Such an outrage on justice is a caricature of American courtesy to the weaker sex.—*Christian Watchman*.

A HUMAN MONSTER.

A Richmond correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* says:

There walks the streets of Richmond, to-day, a creature having the outward semblance of a man. He walks erect on two legs; has the usual complement of human limbs and features, yet his humanity is doubtful. This brute was a negro trader, (thank God, I can say so), and Mrs. Stowe's world-famous "Legree" was an angel of justice and mercy compared to him. He kept a den on Franklin street, (thank God, he kept it there, and again), and some of his cruelties are coming to light. Brutally and unmercifully whipping the unfortunate in his power was the least of his enormities. He has taken negroes from the whipping-post, and poured molten sealing-wax into the gaping wounds made by the lash on their backs, and then he has tied naked men under the hydrant, and allowed the water to run upon them for hours—an exquisite torture, thought to have died with the Inquisition. He has forced women a thousand times to the commission of unspeakable crimes. He has taken children by the heels, and beat their heads upon the floor. There is no well-authenticated case of murder compared with these things. Under the old regime this man did these things. Jeff. Davis sat in state four blocks from the spot where these outrages were perpetrated, and he and his government were represented as to secure them from open or covert encroachments on the part of the whites.

In the liberal professions, also, they have already assumed and evinced their ability to maintain a respectable position.

Colored clergymen, lawyers and physicians attend to the spiritual, legal and physical wants of the community, not as might be supposed, dispensing alone to the people of their own color, but to people in general who need their professional services.

I was much struck, in attending the Court one day, with the argument of a black lawyer of unmixed African descent. The case was under the penal class of the English Bankruptcy law, and was conducted by the Crown officers for the prosecution. I heard the arguments to the jurisdiction of the Court, and am bound to acknowledge that, in point of cleverness and legal attainments, the black counsel clearly led Mr. Attorney General; while for sophistry and cunning adroitness he was far in advance of his opponent.

On inquiry, I ascertained that the black lawyer was a poor boy, had worked his way to England before the last to get an education, and had there, with the assistance of Lord John Russell and some other persons, succeeded in acquiring a sound academic and legal education.

Black magistrates preside over the inferior courts, black men are editors of newspapers, and to a greater or less degree have entered into every branch of industry, and every avenue of business, and have already been able to compete, with a good degree of success, with the whites.

ROEBUCK'S MISTAKE.

The idea that it would not be safe to entrust the Southern freedmen with a ballot franchise would have more influence exerted upon him by his old rebel master than by any one else, and thus he is the tool at the ballot-box in the future, as he has been his slave in the past, is the veriest moonshine. Sambo has not been fooled into fighting for his old master—not much! He has never made the blunder of mistaking his true friends for his enemies. He has been in the ranks of the Northern Democracy. Besides, who opposes most vehemently the exercise of the freedman's right to vote, both North and South? Who but the real anti-democrats, the baffled oligarchs in the South, who fear the freedman's ballot, and who, at the North, are the head of the North, who sue at the negro because he has an intuitive conviction that little as he knows, he knows more than to vote for men who now seek to grasp the ballot to finish out what their short swords failed to accomplish?

Further, the idea of the freedman's dependence on his old master, and on the employment system, is predicated on a continuance of the large plantation system. The abolition of slavery has given this system a staggering blow, and henceforth we hope to see those huge plantations cut up and divided into small farms, so that each man shall, if he chooses, be his own employer, and therefore be dependent on nobody for a livelihood, except on one that thinks he owns the laborer's ballot. Small farms will till, and common-school houses will fill, go together. Both are essential to the regeneration of the South.—*Fond du Lac Courier*.

GENERAL MEADE IN BOSTON.

We are glad to observe that the Bostonians have shown a disposition to honor prominent Philadelphians. At their recent Harvard College Commencement and Commemoration Exercises, the leading military guest was Major General George G. Meade, upon whom the degree of LL.D. was conferred. On his arrival in Boston, he was officially received at Faneuil Hall by Mayor Lincoln, and after a speech of welcome, he was introduced to the audience by the Mayor.

The anti-slavery men in our city, who burned the colored orphan asylum two years since, and hunted poor negro women and children out of their homes and into their graves, offered \$500 for the sign of a Black Republican, and assailed the *Tribune* office as maliciously as possible, but not quite so successfully, as if it had been a negro hut. Search from Maine to Texas, and wherever you find an abuser of negroes, no matter if in our National uniform, you have one who hoped for the triumph of the Confederacy, either through Disunion outright and permanent, or a reconstruction which should make the South a permanent fundamental law of our whole country, and the Slave Power its omnipotent and perpetual dictator. These are facts which Mr. Roebuck need not cross the Atlantic to learn, and they brand his attack upon us with essential and inexcusable falsehood.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

THE BLACKS IN BARBADOS.

A Massachusetts writer who spent the last winter at Barbados, writes thus of the blacks (thirty years free) to the *Boston Daily Advertiser*:

"Many have acquired by their industry sufficient property to rank them as the better class of planters and traders in the islands where they reside, so that they are no longer regarded as a degraded and uncivilized people. They are now regarded as competent business men. The children of some of the wealthy negroes have been thoroughly educated in England or Scotland; and some of them I met with among the most cultivated persons I have ever known. As mechanics and artisans, they are altogether indispensable.

The whites were never accustomed to heavy manual labor, and the lighter and more delicate work was soon usurped by the colored men, when once at liberty to compete on even terms. Their position as freholders gives them the privilege of electors in parish and colonial meetings, and the parochial and general councils and legislatures have their share of colored representatives.

It is not necessary to say that they outline their views in a debate and legislation, in order to prove their ability, for such is very seldom the case; but it is certainly true that their interests are so represented as to secure them from open or covert encroachments on the part of the whites.

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THE LIBERATOR.

hary, in the Senate and army of the United States. If we were guilty of the death of your soldiers at Andersonville as subordinates, were they not equally guilty as superiors? Besides, did they not bring on the war by their action in the Senate and army, and without them and such as they, would the war ever have been begun or carried on at all? Are they not guilty, then, of the death of all your brothers, sons, husbands and fathers on every battlefield, in every hospital, and in every prison? If you punish not them and such as they, why punish us?

And their questions are hard to answer. These men, does not justice say, ought not to be hanged—at least alone.

If, then, we believe that our men were murdered at Andersonville; if we have not put forth a solemn falsehood to the world in this behalf against the South; if treason aggravated by murders most foul and numerous is the policy of the South; if our sons and brothers are dear to us; if their blood has not been shed in vain; if our country, for whose safety so many good and brave men have been offered up, is worth the sacrifice of the lives of great criminals—then let these leaders (as representative men) be executed, and the world will be wiser.

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